

by substituting something that is not justifiable by the word of God. Let us bring the power of the Holy Ghost into our churches, and as it were intoxicate our boys with the beauty and power of the religion of Jesus Christ. Let us be warm Christians instead of cold, formal professors; let us make the truth, and love as real as does the actor upon the stage his fiction, then the question of how to hold our boys and young men together in our Sunday-schools will be largely solved. An eminent Divine once asked Carrick, the famous actor, how it was that they (the actors) could so thoroughly captivate their audiences with their fiction, while the preachers could do so little with truth? Carrick's reply was, "We make our fiction appear as truth, while you make your truth appear as fiction." How awfully true this is.

Church fairs, church lotteries, church games, church trolly-parties, (of which we in Philadelphia have a good many) and church Boys Brigades are all alike institutions of the world, with which the true church of Christ should have nothing to do. Brethren let us keep our hands clean from all those things and let us raise our standard high above everything of the kind, that God may be glorified and magnified in us, and depend upon it He will take care of our boys. Will we say *Amen*. IT SHALL BE SO.

#### THE ASCENSION.

W. A. WELTY.

The days in which Jesus had been bound to the earth were nearly done; the sun of the last day had arisen and was fast riding upward to the meridian, looking like a golden door standing open for our Lord's re-entering of heaven. He had told his disciples to await him in Jerusalem until the time was come for the fulfillment of the prophecy that he should be received back into heaven, which would occur not many days hence. That day was now at hand. Jesus met his disciples and gave them a few parting words regarding the power which would be delegated to them, and how they should be witnesses of all that they had seen. After thus speaking, Jesus led them as far as Bethany, to the Mount of Olives. Here on that notable spot, the solemn, the sorrowing, but the glorious parting was to occur. Words can not express the solemnity of this occasion. The record was now finished, "Jesus had written *finis* on the last leaf," and had given as it were, the closed book to the Apostles for their instruction and guidance. It seemed as if nothing now remained for Christ to do but to lift his loving hands and bless those to whom he

had given the highest earthly commission, that of the apostleship. Can we not go back through the ages and see the holy Apostles fall to the earth and worship the Savior who had been their teacher and master, during many of the past years of their life? Though St. Matthew tells us, "some of them doubted." Possibly this divine manifestation of the powers of God, would try the faith of the doubting Thomas. But it would seem impossible for the Apostle to doubt while in the presence of a manifestation of the infinite power of God. What more could the Apostles have asked to prove the divinity of Christ? For after Jesus had lifted up his hands and blessed them, he was lifted out of their sight by the power of God, and the Word tells us, "A cloud received him out of their sight." This phrase may be interpreted with propriety to mean, a multitude of angels surrounded him and bore him out of their sight. And indeed he was not born out of their sight into a more lowly state or position than he had occupied heretofore, but he was carried through the pearly gates into the New Jerusalem, there to sit on the right hand of God, to be the occupant of that sublimest and most exalted position, and to exercise his power in heaven and in earth. Again, as the Apostles were beholding this great scene, all honor and praise be given to those who stood in their presence only to sublimize the occasion, and to awaken the emotion of the messenger of Christ, and to impress supremely upon their minds the instructions which Christ had just given them, and to hurl upon their minds anew, the manner in which the one of immaculation would return. Are we to conclude because they were dressed in white apparel, and were two in number, that Moses and Elias have been hovering about since the transfiguration? Or can we not more truthfully and correctly say, they were the two angels who were at the tomb of Jesus, when the women came to the sepulchre? We can in our imagination see beautiful, sublime and striking features about our Lord's departure from this planet, and could we not if we were to climb the heights of Mt. Olivet, see in our imagination a cloud of striking as well as interesting events hovering about this notable mountain. Among the mountains of Palestine, no one is more uplifting, and surrounded with more historical events, than Mount Olivet. It was here where our Lord finished his mission on earth. Would we attempt to describe our emotions if we were to awake on some bright sunny morning, upon this mountain, and think, over this ridge King David fled with a broken heart. Over it Pompey led his devastating hosts. Here the famous Tenth

Legion was entrenched. The Garden of Gethsemane weeps at the foot of it. Along the base of this hill flashed lanterns and torches of those who came to arrest Jesus. From the trees on this hill the boughs were torn off and thrown into the path of Christ's triumphal procession. Up and down this road Jesus had walked twice a day from Bethany to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Bethany. Here again and again he had taught his disciples. Half way up this Mount he uttered his lamentation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" From its heights Jesus took his flight homeward when he had finished his mission of earthly labor. But there was no reason for his staying longer. The sacrifice had been made, which made peace between the recreant earth and the outraged heaven. Death needed to be conquered, and he had put his resurrection foot on it. The thirty-three years of voluntary exile had ended, "and now the Morning Star of Righteousness becomes the Sun of Redemption." Here he parts from the earth of persecution to the skies of glory, where he is making intercession for sinful men.

#### THE OLD FASHION WAY THE BEST.

J. D. MCFADEN.

When a boy, my mother used to gather the children around her on Saturday evening, and after bathing them, would clothe them in clean garments, thus the family was prepared for the coming Lord's day. It not only kept the girls and boys out of mischief on Saturday night, but impressed them with the fact that the Lord's day was a clean day, and needed some preparation before it could be enjoyed. When the morning came there was no crowding, no confusion, no being late for Sunday-school, no going out of a snarl and tangle into church. After family prayer and breakfast, we were all ready for school and services. Such was the general custom of the community, physical preparation for Sunday made on Saturday evening.

Now for a picture I saw recently. Time, Sunday morning. Place,—well, a house where all are church members but the baby, and he the best church member of all. Tom was getting ready for Sunday-school, and his Sunday go-to-meeting-shirt did not suit him, there was a fancied speck of dirt under one of the south-east seams. Tom is sixteen, and at times thinks he knows more than his mother and father, and great-grand-parents, and he gives them all pointers. This Sunday morning he gave his mother some pointers on the laundry business, and she gave him some pointers on respect for parents. He had the pouts and she did not feel sanctified.